1507/1155

AN

ADDITIONAL VOLUME

TO THE

LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M---y W----y M----e:

Written during her TRAVELS in

EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA,

TO

Perſons of Diſtinction, Men of Letters, &c.
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other CURIOUS Relations,

ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS
of the TURKS;

Drawn from Sources that have been inacceſſible to
other Travellers.

DUBLIN:

Printed for P. WILSON, D. CHAMBERLAINE,
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MDCCLXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 MAY 86

LETTER LIII.

To Lady ——.

January 13, 1715-16.

I FIND after all, by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy Curate. She was always High Church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an Apostolick Saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter however very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the *man* than the *apostle* that Mrs. D—— looks to in the present alliance. Tho' at the age of forty, she is, I assure you,

This and the following Letters are now first published.

very far from being cold and inſenſible; her fire may be covered with aſhes, but it is not extinguiſhed.—— Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudiſh and ſanctified air — Warm devotions is no equivocal mark of warm paſſions; beſides I know it is a fact, (of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth) that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly diſpoſed to uſe the *means*, ſuppoſed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The Curate indeed is very filthy —— Such a red, ſpungy, warty noſe! Such a ſquint! In ſhort, he is ugly beyond expreſſion; and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly diſpleaſing to one of Mrs. D——'s conſtitution and propenſities, he is ſtricken in —— years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year — ſhe but a trifling ſum; ſo that they are likely to feaſt upon love and eccleſiaſtical

eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good leaſe; and if Mrs. D——, inſtead of ſpending whole days in reading Collier, Hicks, and vile tranſlations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the reſolution of taking care of her houſe and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their *tender loves* will give them many *ſweet babes* to provide for.

I met the lover yeſterday, going to the ale-houſe in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs. D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: ſhe bluſhed and looked prim; but quoted a paſſage out of Herodotus, in which it is ſaid that the

Perſians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taſte in marriage of many of our ſex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miſs S—y, who makes ſuch waſte of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, ſo children produce care and diſputes, and wrangling, as is ſaid (at leaſt by old bachelors and old maids) is one of the *ſweets* of the conjugal ſtate: you tell me that our friend Mrs. —— is, at length, bleſſed with a ſon; and that her huſband, who is a great philoſopher, (if his own teſtimony is to be depended upon) inſiſts on her ſuckling it herſelf. You aſk my advice on this matter; and, to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr. ——'s demand is unreaſonable, as his wife's conſtitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philoſopher

would conſider theſe circumſtances, but a pedant is always throwing his ſyſtem in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times and places, juſt like a taylor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the perſon that muſt wear it. All thoſe fine-ſpun arguments that he has drawn from nature to ſtop your mouths, weigh, I muſt own to you, but very little with me. This ſame *Nature* is indeed a ſpecious word, nay there is a great deal in it, if it is properly underſtood and applied, but I cannot bear to hear people uſing it to juſtify what common ſenſe muſt diſavow. Is not Nature modified by art in many things? Was it not deſigned to be ſo? And is it not happy for human ſociety, that it is ſo? Would you like to ſee your huſband let his beard grow until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, becauſe this beard is the

gift of Nature? The inſtincts of Nature point out neither taylors, nor weavers, nor mantua-makers, nor ſempſtreſſes, nor milliners: And yet I am very glad that we do not run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the ſubject—I grant that Nature has furniſhed the mother with milk to nouriſh her child; but I maintain at the ſame time, that if ſhe can find better milk elſewhere, ſhe ought to prefer it without heſitation. I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould have more ſcruple to do this, than her huſband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him to quench his thirſt, for ſtout October, Port, or Claret. Indeed if Mrs. ——— was a buxom, ſturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exerciſe, enjoyed proper returns of reſt, and was free from violent paſſions (which you and I know is not the caſe) ſhe might be a good nurſe for her child; but as matters ſtand, I

do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratafia, nor frets at quadrille, nor ſits up till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loſs, I do think that the milk of ſuch a cow, or of a nurſe that came as near it as poſſible, would be likely to nouriſh the young ſquire much better than hers. If it be true that the child ſucks in the mother's paſſions with her milk, this is a ſtrong argument in favour of the cow, unleſs you may be afraid that the young ſquire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in ſtate and church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?

I promiſe faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote me laſt — What you ſay of two of the rebel Lords, I believe to be true; but I can

do nothing in the matter, —If my projects don't fail in the execution, I ſhall ſee you before a month paſſes. Give my ſervice to Dr Black-beard—He is a good man, but I never ſaw in my life ſuch a perſecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I imagine (within myſelf) that the Smithfield prieſts, who burned the proteſtants in the time of Queen Mary, had juſt ſuch faces as the doctor's. If we were papiſts I ſhould like him very much for my confeſſor; his ſeeming auſterity would give you and I a great reputation for ſanctity, and his good, indulgent heart, would be the very thing that would ſuit us in the affair of penance and ghoſtly direction.

Farewel, my dear Lady, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

To the Abbot ——.

Vienna, January 2, O. S. 1717.

I AM really almoſt tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to diſſipation and hurry, much leſs to amuſement and pleaſure; but I cannot endure long even pleaſure, when it is fettered with formality, and aſſumes the air of ſyſtem. 'Tis true, I have had here ſome very agreeable connexions, and what will perhaps ſurpriſe you, I have particular pleaſure in my Spaniſh acquaintances, Count Oropeſa and General Puebla. Theſe two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they ſeem to be brewing miſchief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories

that

that were cut off from the Spaniſh monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it ſeems to be looking wiſhfully out for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myſelf very little; let the court be in the right or in the wrong, I like mightily the two Counts its miniſters. I dined with them both ſome days ago at Count Wurmbrand's, an Aulic counſellor and a man of letters, who is univerſally eſteemed here. But the firſt man at this court in point of knowledge and abilities, is certainly Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia, whoſe immenſe reading is accompanied with a fine taſte and a ſolid judgment; he is a declared enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honeſt hot-headed Marſhal Staremberg. One of the moſt accompliſhed men I have ſeen at Vienna is the young Count Tatrocco, who accompanies the amiable Prince of Portugal. I am al-

moſt

moſt in love with them both, and wonder to ſee ſuch elegant manners, and ſuch free and generous ſentiments in two young men that have hitherto ſeen nothing but their own country. The Count is juſt ſuch a Roman Catholick as you; he ſucceeds greatly with the devout beauties here; his firſt overtures in gallantry are diſguiſed under the luſcious ſtrains of ſpiritual love, that were ſung formerly by the ſublimely voluptuous Fenelon and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects; thus the Count begins with the *ſpirit*, and ends generally with the *fleſh*, when he makes his addreſſes to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yeſterday with the famous poet Rouſſeau, who lives here under the peculiar protection of Prince Eugene, by whoſe liberality he ſubſiſts. He paſſes here for a free-thinker,

thinker, and, what is ſtill worſe in my eſteem, for a man whoſe heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily; they are much ſuperior to the lyrick productions of our Engliſh poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is indeed a prodigious number of Alchymiſts at Vienna; the *philoſopher's ſtone* is the great object of zeal and ſcience; and thoſe who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar, have tranſported their ſuperſtition (ſhall I call it?) or fanaticiſm from religion to chymiſtry; and they believe in a new kind of tranſubſtantiation, which is deſigned to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the prieſthood. This peſtilential paſſion has already ruined ſeveral great houſes. There is ſcarcely a man of opulence or faſhion, that has not an Alchymiſt

chymist in his service, and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, tho' he has pretended to discourage it in publick.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to shew me his library yesterday; we found him attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprizing spirit. The library, tho' not very ample, is well chosen; but as the prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye, and there are nevertheless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chasms in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris, were expresly sent for to do this work. Bonneval

neval pleaſantly told me that there were ſeveral quarto's on the art of war, that were bound with the ſkins of *Spahis* and *Janiſſaries*; and this jeſt, which was indeed elegant, raiſed a ſmile of pleaſure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The Prince, who is a connoiſſeur in the fine arts, ſhewed me, with particular pleaſure, the famous collection of portraits that formerly belonged to Fouquet, and which he purchaſed at an exceſſive price. He has augmented it with a conſiderable number of new acquiſitions, ſo that he has now in his poſſeſſion ſuch a collection in that kind as you will ſcarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you would ſay that I make an indiſcreet uſe of the permiſſion to lie, which is more or leſs given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarrocco is juſt come in — He is the only perſon I have excepted this morning

morning in my general order to receive no company. — I think I ſee you ſmile, — but I am not ſo far gone as to ſtand in need of abſolution; tho', as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even tho' I ſhould not want an abſolution, I would nevertheleſs be glad to have an indulgence. — No ſuch thing. — However, as I am a heretick, and you no confeſſor, I ſhall make no declarations on this head. —— The deſign of the Count's viſit is a ball; — more pleaſure. — I ſhall be ſurfeited.

Adieu, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

To Mr. P——.

Sept. 1, 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you laſt, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but, at this preſent moment, it has changed maſters, and is in the hands of the Imperialiſts. A Janiſſary who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a pannick terror ſeems to have furniſhed, arrived at Conſtantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W—— the news of a compleat victory obtained by the Imperialiſts, commanded by prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is ſaid the Prince has diſcovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has call'd him from the

—— (here

——— *(here ſeveral words of the manuſcript are effaced.)* ——— Two days after the battle the town ſurrendered. The conſternation, which this defeat has occaſioned here, is inexpreſſible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the reſentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly faſhion of this bleſſed government, by ordering ſeveral perſons to be ſtrangled who were the objects of his royal ſuſpicion. He has alſo ordered his Treaſurer to advance ſome months pay to the Janiſſaries, which ſeems the leſs neceſſary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity ſeems pretty well tamed by the publick contempt. Such of them as return in ſtraggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not ſpirit nor credit enough to defend themſelves from the inſults of the mob; the very chil-

dren

dren taunt them, and the populace ſpit in their faces as they paſs. They refuſed during the battle to lend their aſſiſtance to ſave the baggage and the military cheſt, which however were defended by the Baſhaws and their retinue, while the Janiſſaries and Spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You ſee here that I give you a very *handſome* return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a moſt agreeable account of your amiable connexions with men of letters and taſte, and of the delicious moments you paſs in their ſociety under the rural ſhade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous ſpectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from ſuch a country as this, from which the muſes have fled, from which letters ſeem eternally baniſhed, and in which you ſee, in private

ſcenes,

ſcenes, nothing purſued as happineſs but the refinements of an indolent voluptuouſneſs, and where thoſe who act upon the publick theatre live in uncertainty, ſuſpicion, and terror. Here pleaſure, to which I am no enemy when it is properly ſeaſoned and of a good compoſition, is ſurely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant converſation, eaſy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they ſeem capable of all theſe, if the vile ſpirit of their government did not ſtifle genius, damp curioſity, and ſuppreſs an hundred paſſions, that embelliſh and render life agreeable. The luſcious paſſion of the Seraglio is the only one almoſt that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended ſo with the ſurly ſpirit of deſpotiſm in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this ſpirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwiſe than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment.

joyment. The women here are not, indeed, ſo cloſely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty even in the boſom of ſervitude, and they have methods of evaſion and diſguiſe that are very favourable to gallantry; but after all, they are ſtill under uneaſy apprehenſions of being diſcovered; and a diſcovery expoſes them to the moſt mercileſs rage of jealouſy, which is here a monſter that cannot be ſatiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of faſhion here, ſeem to be one of their chief pleaſures, joined with their retinue of female ſlaves, whoſe muſic, dancing and dreſs amuſe them highly; but there is ſuch an air of form and ſtiffneſs amidſt this grandeur, as hinders it from pleaſing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at firſt ſight. This ſtiffneſs and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkiſh ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite

another

another character and complexion; with them pleaſure appears in more engaging forms, and their perſons, manners, converſation and amuſements are very far from being deſtitute of elegance and eaſe.——

I received the news of Mr. Addiſon's being declared Secretary of State with the leſs ſurpriſe, in that I know that poſt was almoſt offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a poſt as that, and ſuch a wife as the Counteſs, do not ſeem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is aſthmatick; and we may ſee the day when he will be heartily glad to reſign them both. It is well that he laid aſide the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or ſomebody elſe frequently make mention. But no more on that ſubject; I would not have ſaid ſo much,

were

were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground *classick ground*; nor will you refuse our present Secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, tho' your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the *Philosophers stone*, since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the Philosophers stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got

into

into it. A——n and T——l tried it, but their experiments failed; and they loſt if not their money, at leaſt a certain portion of their fame in the trial—— while you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his ſpirit. I hope we ſhall have the Odyſſey ſoon from your happy hand, and I think I ſhall follow with ſingular pleaſure the traveller Ulyſſes, who was an obſerver of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed ſon of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his miſtreſs, and ſo on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wiſh nevertheleſs that Homer had choſen a hero ſomewhat leſs pettiſh and leſs fantaſtick; a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and conſequently uninſtructive; but it is alſo true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of huma-

nity, he ought never to be repreſented as extremely abſurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critick; ſo I take my leave of you for this time, and deſire you will believe me with the higheſt eſteem,

Yours, &c.

LET-

*LETTER LVI.

To the Countess of ——.

Saturday — Florence.

I SET out from Bologne the moment I had finished the letter I wrote you on Monday last, and shall now continue to inform you of the things that have struck me most in this excursion. Sad roads — hilly and rocky — between Bologna and Fierenzuola. Between this latter place and Florence I went out of my road to visit the monastery of *La Trappe*, which is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy

* *As this letter is the supplement to a preceding one which is not come to the hands of the Editor, it was, probably on that account, sent without a date. It seems evidently to have been written after lady M. W. M. had fixed her residence in Italy.*

retreat it gave me pain to obſerve the infatuation of men, who have devoutly reduced themſelves to a much worſe condition than that of the beaſts. Folly, you ſee, is the lot of humanity, whether it ariſes in the flowery paths of pleaſure or the thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two ſorts of fools, I ſhall always think that the merry one has the moſt eligible fate; and I cannot well form a notion of that ſpiritual and extatick joy, that is mixed with ſighs, groans, hunger and thirſt, and the other complicated miſeries of monaſtick diſcipline. It is a ſtrange way of going to work for happineſs to excite an enmity between ſoul and body, which nature and providence have deſigned to live together in an union and friendſhip, and which we cannot ſeparate like man and wife when they happen to diſagree. The profound ſilence that is enjoined upon the monks of *La Trappe*, is a ſingular circumſtance of their unſociable and unnatural

natural diſcipline; and were this injunction never to be diſpenſed with, it would be needleſs to viſit them in any other character than as a collection of ſtatues; but the ſuperior of the convent ſuſpended, in our favour, that rigorous law, and allowed one of the mutes to converſe with me, and anſwer a few diſcreet queſtions. He told me that the monks of this order in France are ſtill more auſtere than thoſe of Italy, as they never taſte wine, fleſh, fiſh or eggs; but live entirely upon vegetables. The ſtory that is told of the inſtitution of this order is remarkable, and is well atteſted, if my information be good. Its founder was a French nobleman whoſe name was *Bouthillier de Rancé*, a man of pleaſure and gallantry, which were converted into the deepeſt gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to abſent himſelf, for ſome time, from a lady with whom he had lived in the moſt intimate and tender connexions

of ſucceſsful love. At his return to Paris he propoſed to ſurpriſe her agreeably, and, at the ſame time, to ſatisfy his own impatient deſire of ſeeing her, by going directly and without ceremony to her apartment by a back ſtair, which he was well acquainted with——but think of the ſpectacle that preſented itſelf to him at his entrance into the chamber that had ſo often been the ſcene of love's higheſt raptures! his miſtreſs dead — dead of the ſmall pox —— disfigured beyond expreſſion — a loathſome maſs of putrified matter — and the ſurgeon ſeparating the head from the body, becauſe the coffin had been made too ſhort! He ſtood for a moment motionleſs in amazement, and filled with horror—— and then retired from the world, ſhut himſelf up in the convent of *La Trappe*, where he paſſed the remainder of his days in the moſt cruel and diſconſolate devotion.—Let us quit this ſad ſubject.

I muſt

I muſt not forget to tell you that before I came to this monaſtery I went to ſee the burning mountains near Fierenzuala, of which the naturaliſts ſpeak as a great curioſity. The flame it ſends forth is without ſmoke, and reſembles brandy ſet on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one ſpot where there is a cavity, whoſe circumference is ſmall, but in it are ſeveral crevices whoſe depths are unknown. It is remarkable that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot paſs thro' the crevices, yet it is conſumed in a moment, and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a ſtick be rubbed with any force againſt it, it emits a flame, which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the Volcano. If you deſire a more circumſtantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a ſufficient progreſs in Italian to read father

Carazzi's deſcription of it, you need not be at a loſs, for I have ſent this deſcription to Mr. F——, and you have only to aſk it of him. After obſerving the Volcano, I ſcrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horſeback, partly on foot, but could find no veſtige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcano's.

I hope you have not taken it in your head to expect from me a deſcription of the famous gallery here, where I arrived on Thurſday at noon; this would be requiring a volume inſtead of a letter; beſides I have as yet ſeen but a part of this immenſe treaſure, and I propoſe employing ſome weeks more to ſurvey the whole. You cannot imagine any ſituation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and ſmiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs thro'

thro' the city, and nothing can ſurpaſs the beauty and magnificence of its publick buildings, particularly the cathedral, whoſe grandeur filled me with aſtoniſhment. The palaces, ſquares, fountains, ſtatues, bridges, do not only carry an aſpect full of elegance and greatneſs, but diſcover a taſte quite different, in kind, from that which reigns in the public edifices in other countries. The more I ſee of Italy, the more I am perſuaded that the Italians have a ſtile (if I may uſe that expreſſion) in every thing, which diſtinguiſhes them almoſt eſſentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it, —— whether from natural genius or ancient imitation and inheritance, I ſhall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery, that amazing repoſitory of the moſt precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is ſufficient to immortalize the illuſtrious houſe of Medicis, by whom it was built, and

enriched as we now ſee it. I was ſo impatient to ſee the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went haſtily thro' ſix apartments in order to get a ſight of this divine figure, purpoſing when I had ſatisfied this ardent curioſity, to return and view the reſt at my leiſure. As I, indeed, paſſed thro' the great room which contains the ancient ſtatues, I was ſtopped ſhort at viewing the Antinous, which they had placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of their prepoſterous loves, which I ſuppoſe, the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and diſguſt. This ſtatue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, ſpurns deſcription: ſuch figures my eyes never beheld —— I can now underſtand that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a ſtatue, which I formerly thought a very diſobliging ſimilitude, was the niceſt and higheſt piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked, all its parts are bigger than

nature;

nature; but the whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry ſuch an expreſſion of eaſe, elegance and grace, as no words can deſcribe. When I ſaw the Venus I was rapt in wonder, —and I could not help caſting a thought back upon Antinous. They ought to be placed together. They are worthy of each other. —— If marble could ſee and feel, the ſeparation might be prudent,— if it could only *ſee*, it would certainly loſe its coldneſs and learn to feel, and in ſuch a caſe the charms of theſe two figures would produce an effect quite oppoſite to that of the Gorgon's head, which turned fleſh into ſtone. Did I pretend to deſcribe to you the Venus, it would only ſet your imagination at work to form ideas of her figure, and your ideas would no more reſemble that figure, than the Portugueſe face of Miſs N—— who has enchanted our knight, reſembles the ſweet and graceful countenance of lady ——— his former flame. The

deſcription

deſcription of a face or figure is a needleſs thing, as it never conveys a true idea, it only gratifies the imagination with a fantaſtick one, until the real one is ſeen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence.

I would be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue by executing your commiſſion with reſpect to the ſketches of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton-Court; but I cannot do it to my ſatisfaction. I have, indeed, ſeen in the Grand Duke's collection, four pieces, in which that wonderful artiſt had thrown freely from his pencil the firſt thoughts and rude lines of ſome of theſe compoſitions; and as the firſt thoughts of a great genius are precious, theſe pieces attracted my curioſity in a particular manner; but when I went to examine them cloſely, I found them ſo damaged and effaced,

that

that they did not at all anſwer my expectation. Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot ſay; I mention the latter, becauſe it is notorious that many of the modern painters have diſcovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable productions of the ancients. Inſtead of employing their art to preſerve the maſter-pieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to deſtroy and efface many of them. I have ſeen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greateſt part of the paintings in freſco on the walls of the convent of *St. Michael in Boſco*, done by the *Carracci*, and *Guido Rheni*, have been ruined by the painters, who after having copied ſome of the fineſt heads, ſcraped them almoſt entirely out with nails. Thus you ſee nothing is exempt from human malignity.

The word Malignity, and a paſſage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked waſp of Twickenham: his lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much deſpiſed as the ſtory of the ſeraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am perſuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is baſe enough to aſſume the maſk of a moraliſt, in order to decry human nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred of man and woman kind. —But I muſt quit this contemptible ſubject, on which a juſt indignation would render my pen ſo fertile, that after having fatigued you with a long letter, I would ſurfeit you with a ſupplement twice as long. Beſides a violent headach advertiſes me that it is time to lay down my pen and get me to bed. I ſhall ſay ſome things to you in my next that I would have you to impart to the *ſtrange man*, as from yourſelf. My mind

is

is at prefent tolerably quiet; if it were as dead to fin, as it is to certain connexions, I ſhould be a great ſaint. Adieu, my dear Madam.

Yours very affectionately, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

To Mr. P.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a ſtrange rate with my ſiſter, and ſtrange ſights have we ſeen. They are, at leaſt, ſtrange ſights to me, for after having been accuſtomed to the gravity of Turks, I can ſcarcely look with an eaſy and familiar aſpect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-ſhew amidſt the repreſentations of real life. I ſtare prodigiouſly, but nobody remarks it, for every body ſtares here; ſtaring is à-la-mode—there is a ſtare of attention and *interêt*, a ſtare of curioſity, a ſtare of expectation, a ſtare of ſurprize, and it would greatly amuſe you to ſee what trifling objects excite all this ſtaring. This ſtaring would have

have rather a ſolemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a ſtare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is deſigned to expreſs complacence and ſocial pleaſure, but really ſhews nothing more than a certain contortion of muſcles that muſt make a ſtranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the chearful ſerenity of a ſmile, and the cordial mirth of an honeſt Engliſh horſe-laugh. I ſhall not perhaps ſtay here long enough to form a juſt idea of French manners and characters, tho' this I believe would require but little ſtudy, as there is no great depth in either. It appears, on a ſuperficial view, to be a frivolous, reſtleſs, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not eaſily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men,

and

and I am convinced in the perſuaſion of this by every company into which I enter. There ſeems here to be no intermediate ſtate between infancy and manhood; for as ſoon as the boy has quit his leading-ſtrings, he is ſet agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the firſt impreſſions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, ſo that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of ſixty. Does not King David ſay ſomewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain ſhew?* I think he does, and I am ſure this is peculiarly true of the French man — but he walks merrily and ſeems to enjoy the viſion, and may he not therefore be eſteemed more happy than many of our ſolid thinkers whoſe brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whoſe wiſdom is ſo often clothed with a miſty mantle of ſpleen and vapours?

What

What delights me moſt here is a view of the magnificence often accompanied with taſte that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens; for tho' I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the ſtatues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that ſtruck me moſt in the gardens of Verſailles, was the famous Coloſſean ſtatue of Jupiter, the workmanſhip of Myron, which Mark Anthony carried away from Samos, and Auguſtus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and tho' it has ſuffered in the ruin of time, it ſtill preſerves ſtriking lines of majeſty. But ſurely, if marble could feel, the God would frown with a generous indignation to ſee himſelf tranſported from the Capitol into a French garden; and after having received

ceived the homage of the Roman emperors who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzeled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water; besides I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament

ment without end or measure. It is time, however, that I should put an end to my letter; so I wish you good night,

And am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

To Count ——.

Tranſlated from the French.

I Am charmed, ſir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeneſs of my paper, that I intend to give punctual anſwers to all your queſtions, at leaſt if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not underſtand to perfection, ſo I much fear, that, for want of expreſſions, I ſhall be quickly obliged to finiſh. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be ſure to attribute all the impertinencies and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulneſs, or natural levity.

Theſe

Theſe conditions being thus agreed and ſettled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which, the Greek prieſts (who are the greateſt ſcoundrels in the univerſe) have invented out of their own heads a thouſand ridiculous ſtories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I ſay, without any examination, or ſo much as letting the people read it; being afraid that if once they began to ſift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not ſtop there, but proceed to make uſe of their judgment, about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing ſo like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the laſt have multitudes of ſaints, at whoſe tombs miracles are by them ſaid to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of thoſe bleſſed Muſſelmans much leſs ſtuffed with extravagancies, than the ſpiritual romances of the Greek Papas.

As

As to your next enquiry, I aſſure you 'tis certainly falſe, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any ſhare in a future happy ſtate. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair ſex too well, to uſe them ſo barbarouſly. On the contrary, he promiſes a very fine paradiſe to the Turkiſh women. He ſays, indeed, that this paradiſe will be a ſeparate place from that of their huſbands; but I fancy the moſt part of them won't like it the worſe for that; and that the regret of this ſeparation will not render their paradiſe the leſs agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happineſs, are not to live in ſuch a manner as to become uſeleſs to the world, but to employ themſelves as much as poſſible, in making little Muſſulmans. The virgins who die virgins, and the widows

widows who marry not again, dying in mortal ſin, are excluded out of paradiſe: For women, ſays he, not being capable to manage the affairs of ſtate, nor to ſupport the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entruſted them with an office which is no leſs honourable, even that of multiplying the human race: and ſuch as, out of malice or lazineſs, do not make it their buſineſs to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel againſt the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiouſly contrary to thoſe of your convents. What will become of your St. Catharines, your St. Thereſas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this ſyſtem of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that paſſed their whole lives in moſt abominable libertiniſm.

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I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine ſo extraordinary with reſpect to us; but I can truly inform you, ſir, that the Turks are not ſo ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politicks, or philoſophy, or even of gallantry. 'Tis true, that military diſcipline, ſuch as now practiſed in Chriſtendom, does not mightily ſuit them. A long peace has plunged them into an univerſal ſloth. Content with their condition, and accuſtomed to boundleſs luxury, they are become gteat enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the ſciences flouriſh among them. The effendis (that is to ſay, the learned) do very well deſerve this name: They have no more faith in the inſpiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profeſſion of deiſm among themſelves, or to thoſe they can truſt, and never ſpeak of their law but as of a politic inſtitution,

fit

fit now to be obſerved by wiſe men, however at firſt introduced by politicians and enthuſiaſts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in ſome former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich Effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his houſe about a month, and he did conſtantly eat with us, drinking wine without any ſcruple. As I rallied him a little on this ſubject, he anſwered me, ſmiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleaſure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were it a ſin to taſte of its juice: but that nevertheleſs the law, which forbids the uſe of it to the vulgar, was very wiſe, becauſe ſuch ſort of folks have not ſenſe enough to take it with moderation. This Effendi appeared no ſtranger to the parties that prevail among us: nay, he ſeemed to have ſome knowledge of our

religious diſputes, and even of our writers: and I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk, among other things, how Mr. Toland did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I muſt leap from religions to tulips, concerning which you aſk me news. Their mixture produces ſurpriſing effects. But what is to be obſerved moſt ſurpriſing, is the experiments of which you ſpeak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The ſuburbs of Pera, Jophana, and Galata, are collections of ſtrangers from all countries of the univerſe. They have ſo often intermarried, that this forms ſeveral races of people, the oddeſt imaginable. There is not one ſingle family of natives, that can value itſelf on being unmixed. You frequently ſee a perſon, whoſe father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian,

lian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their anceſtors Engliſh, Muſcovites, Aſiaticks, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine: nor could I ever doubt, but there were ſeveral different ſpecies of men; ſince the whites, the woolly and the long-hair'd blacks, the ſmall-eyed Tartars and Chineſe, the beardleſs Braſilians, (and to name no more) the oily-ſkinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as ſpecific differences under the ſame general kind, as greyhounds, maſtiffs, ſpaniels, bull dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the compariſon. Now, as the various intermixing of theſe latter animals cauſes mungrels, ſo mankind have their mungrels too, divided and ſubdivided into endleſs ſorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told

told you before. In the ſame animal is not ſeldom remarked the Greek perfidiouſneſs, the Italian diffidence, the Spaniſh arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a ſudden he is ſeized with a fit of Engliſh thoughtfulneſs, bordering a little upon dulneſs, which many of us have inherited from the ſtupidity of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me moſt, is that which proceeds from the fantaſtical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As theſe are natures oppoſite in extremes, 'tis a pleaſure to obſerve how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even ſo as to produce effects viſible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fiſhy fleſh of Holland, and a lively air ſtreaked with dulneſs. At one and the ſame time, they ſhew that love of expenſiveneſs, ſo univerſal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To

give

give an example of this; young women ruin themſelves to purchaſe jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new ſhoes, or rather ſlippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing ſo contrary to the taſte of our Engliſh women, that it is for ſhewing how neatly their feet are dreſſed, and for ſhewing this on they are ſo paſſionately enamoured with their hoop-petticoats. I have abundance of other ſingularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

CONCERNING

Monſieur de la ROCHEFOUCAULT's Maxim ——— "*That marriage is* "*ſometimes convenient, but never de-* "*lightful.*"

IT may be thought a preſumptuous attempt in me to contravert a maxim advanced by ſuch a celebrated genius as Monſieur Rochefoucault, and received with ſuch implicit faith by a nation which boaſts of ſuperior politeneſs to the reſt of the world, and which for a long time paſt has preſcribed the rules of gallantry to all Europe.

Nevertheleſs, prompted by that ardour which truth inſpires, I dare to maintain the contrary, and reſolutely inſiſt, that there are ſome marriages formed by love, which may be delightful, where the

the affections are ſympathetic. Nature has preſented us with pleaſures ſuitable to our ſpecies, and we need only to follow her impulſe, refined by taſte and exalted by a lively and agreeable imagination, in order to attain the moſt perfect felicity of which human nature is ſuſceptible: ambition, avarice, vanity, when enjoyed in the moſt exquiſite perfection, can yield but trifling and taſteleſs pleaſures, which will be too inconſiderable to affect a mind of delicate ſenſibility.

We may conſider the gifts of fortune as ſo many ſteps neceſſary to arrive at felicity, which we can never attain, being obliged to ſet bounds to our deſires, and being only gratified with ſome of her frivolous favours, which are nothing more than the torments of life, when they are conſidered as the neceſſary means to acquire or preſerve a more exquiſite felicity.

This felicity conſiſts alone in friendſhip, founded on mutual eſteem, fixed by gratitude, ſupported by inclination, and animated by the tender ſolicitudes of Love, whom the antients have admirably deſcribed under the appearance of a beautiful infant: it is pleaſed with infantine amuſements, it is delicate and affectionate, incapable of miſchief, delighted with trifles; its pleaſures are gentle and innocent.

They have given a very different repreſentation of another paſſion too groſs to be mentioned, but of which alone men in general are ſuſceptible. This they have deſcribed under the figure of a ſatyr, who has more of the brute than of the man in his compoſition. By this fabulous animal they have expreſſed a paſſion, which is the real foundation of all the fine exploits of modiſh gallantry, and which only endeavours to

glut

glut its appetite with the poſſeſſion of the object which is moſt lovely in its eſtimation: a paſſion founded in injuſtice, ſupported by deceit, and attended by crimes, remorſe, jealouſy and contempt. Can ſuch an affection be delightful to a virtuous mind? Nevertheleſs ſuch is the delightful attendant on all illicit engagements; gallants are obliged to abandon all thoſe ſentiments of honour which are inſeparable from a liberal education, and are doomed to live wretchedly in the conſtant purſuit of what reaſon condemns, to have all their pleaſures embittered by remorſe, and to be reduced to the deplorable condition of having renounced virtue, without being able to make vice agreeable.

It is impoſſible to taſte the delights of love in perfection, but in a well aſſorted marriage; nothing betrays ſuch a narrowneſs of mind as to be governed by words. What though cuſtom, for which

which good reaſons may be aſſigned, has made the words *huſband* and *wife* ſomewhat ridiculous? A huſband, in common acceptation, ſignifies a jealous brute, a ſurly tyrant; or at beſt a weak fool, who may be made to believe any thing. A wife is a domeſtic termigant, who is deſtined to deceive or torment the poor devil of a huſband. The conduct of married people in general, ſufficiently juſtifies theſe two characters.

But as I ſaid before, Why ſhould words impoſe upon us? A well regulated marriage is not like theſe connections of intereſt or ambition. A fond couple attached to each other by mutual affection, are two lovers who live happily together. Though the prieſt pronounces certain words, though the lawyer draws up certain inſtruments; yet I look on theſe preparatives in the ſame light as a lover conſiders a rope-ladder which he faſtens

to

to his miſtreſs's window: if they can but live together, what does it ſignify at what price or by what means their union is accompliſhed? Where love is real and well founded, it is impoſſible to be happy but in the quiet enjoyment of the beloved object, and the price at which it is obtained does not leſſen the vivacity and delights of a paſſion ſuch as my imagination conceives. If I was inclined to romance, I would not picture images of true happineſs in Arcadia. I am not prudiſh enough to confine the delicacy of affection to wiſhes only. I would open my romance with the marriage of a couple united by ſentiment, taſte and inclinatio[illegible] Can we conceive a higher felicity than the blending of their intereſts and lives in ſuch an union? The lover has the pleaſure of giving his miſtreſs the laſt teſtimony of eſteem and confidence, and ſhe in return commits her peace and liberty to his protection. Can they exchange more

dear

dear and affectionate pledges? Is it not natural, to give the moſt inconteſtable proofs of that tenderneſs with which our minds are impreſſed? I am ſenſible that ſome are ſo nice as to maintain that the pleaſures of love are derived from the dangers and difficulties with which it is attended; they very pertly obſerve, that a roſe would not be a roſe without thorns. There are a thouſand inſipid remarks of this ſort, which make ſo little impreſſion on me, that I am perſuaded, was I a lover, the dread of injuring my miſtreſs would make me unhappy, if the enjoyment of her was attended with danger to herſelf.

Two married lovers lead very different lives; they have the pleaſures to paſs their time in a ſucceſſive intercourſe of mutual obligations, and marks of benevolence, and they have the delight to find that each forms the entire happineſs of the beloved object. Herein conſiſts perfect felicity. The moſt trivial concerns

cerns of oeconomy become noble and elegant when they are exalted by ſentiments of affection; to furniſh an apartment, is not barely to furniſh an apartment; it is a place where I expect my lover: to prepare a ſupper, is not merely giving orders to my cook; it is an amuſement to regale the object I doat on. In this light, a woman conſiders theſe neceſſary occupations as more lively and affecting pleaſures, than thoſe gaudy ſights which amuſe the greater part of the ſex, who are incapable of true enjoyment.

A fixed and affectionate attachment ſoftens every emotion of the ſoul, and renders every object agreeable which preſents itſelf to the happy lover (I mean one who is married to his miſtreſs.) If he exerciſes any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the troubles of the court, all become agreeable when he reflects that he endures theſe inconveni-

encies

encies to ſerve the object of his affections. If fortune is favourable to him, for ſucceſs does not depend on merit, all the advantages it procures, are ſo many tributes which he thinks due to the charms of the lovely fair; and in gratifying this ambition, he feels a more lively pleaſure, and more worthy of an honeſt man, than that of raiſing his fortune, and gaining public applauſe. He enjoys glory, titles and riches no farther than as they regard her he loves; and when he attracts the approbation of a ſenate, the applauſe of an army, or the commendation of his prince, it is her praiſes which ultimately flatter him.

In a reverſe of fortune, he has the conſolation of retiring to one who is affected by his diſgrace; and, locked in her embraces, he has the ſatisfaction of giving utterance to the following tender reflections. "My happineſs does not "depend on the caprice of fortune; I "have

" have a conſtant aſylum againſt inquie-
" tude. Your eſteem renders me inſen-
" ſible of the injuſtice of a court, or the
" ingratitude of a maſter, and my loſſes
" afford me a kind of pleaſure, ſince
" they furniſh me with freſh proofs of
" your virtue and affection. Of what
" uſe is grandeur to thoſe who are al-
" ready happy? We have no need of
" flatterers, we want no equipages, I
" reign in your affections, and I enjoy
" every delight in the poſſeſſion of your
" perſon."

In ſhort, there is no ſituation in which melancholy may not be aſſuaged by the company of the beloved object. Sickneſs itſelf is not without its alleviation, when we have the pleaſure of being attended by her we love. I ſhould never conclude, if I attempted to give a detail of all the delights of an attachment, wherein we meet with every thing which

can

can flatter the ſenſes with the moſt lively and diffuſive raptures. But I muſt not omit taking notice of the pleaſure of beholding the lovely pledges of a tender friendſhip, daily growing up, and of amuſing ourſelves, according to our different ſexes, in training them to perfection. We give way to this agreeable inſtinct of nature, refined by love. In a daughter, we praiſe the beauty of her mother: in a ſon, we commend the underſtanding, and the appearance of innate probity which we eſteem in his father. It is a pleaſure which, according to Moſes, the Almighty himſelf enjoyed, when he beheld the work of his hands, and ſaw that all was good.

Speaking of Moſes, I cannot forbear obſerving that the primitive plan of felicity infinitely ſurpaſſes all others, and I cannot form an idea of Paradiſe, more like a Paradiſe, than the ſtate in which

our

our firſt parents were placed: that proved of ſhort duration, becauſe they were unacquainted with the world, and it is for the ſame reaſon that ſo few love-matches prove happy. Eve was like a ſilly child, and Adam was not much enlightened. When ſuch people come together, their being amorous is to no purpoſe, for their affections muſt neceſſarily be ſhort lived. In the tranſports of their love, they form ſupernatural ideas of each other. The man thinks his miſtreſs an angel becauſe ſhe is handſome, and ſhe is enraptured with the merit of her lover, becauſe he adores her. The firſt decay of her complexion deprives her of his adoration, and the huſband being no longer an adorer, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love. By degrees they grow diſguſtful to each other, and after the example of our firſt parents they do not fail to reproach each other

with

with the crime of their mutual imbecility. After indifference, contempt comes apace, and they are convinced that they muſt hate each other, becauſe they are married. Their ſmalleſt defects ſwell in each other's view, and they grow blind to thoſe charms which, in any other object, would affect them. A commerce founded merely on ſenſation can be attended with no other conſequences.

A man, when he marries the object of his affections, ſhould forget that ſhe appears to him adorable, and ſhould conſider her merely as a mortal, ſubject to diſorders, caprice and ill temper; he ſhould arm himſelf with fortitude, to bear the loſs of her beauty, and ſhould provide himſelf with a fund of complaiſance which is requiſite to ſupport a conſtant intercourſe, with a perſon even of the higheſt underſtanding and the greateſt equanimity. The wife, on the other hand,

hand, ſhould not expect a continued courſe of adulation and obedience; ſhe ſhould diſpoſe herſelf to obey in her turn with a good grace; a ſcience very difficult to attain, and conſequently the more eſtimable in the opinion of a man who is ſenſible of the merit. She ſhould endeavour to revive the charms of the miſtreſs, by the ſolidity and good ſenſe of the friend.

When a pair, who entertain ſuch rational ſentiments, are united by indiſſoluble bonds, all nature ſmiles upon them, and the moſt common objects appear delightful. In my opinion, ſuch a life is infinitely more happy and more voluptuous, than the moſt raviſhing and beſt regulated gallantry.

A woman who is capable of reflection can conſider a gallant in no other light than that of a ſeducer who would take advantage of her weakneſs, to procure

cure a momentary pleaſure at the expence of her glory, her peace, her honour, and perhaps her life. A highwayman who claps a piſtol to your breaſt, to rob you of your purſe, is leſs diſhoneſt and leſs guilty; and I have ſo good an opinion of myſelf as to believe that if I was a man, I ſhould be as capable of aſſuming the character of an aſſaſſin, as that of defiling an honeſt woman, eſteemed in the world and happy in her huſband, by inſpiring her with a paſſion to which ſhe muſt ſacrifice her honour, her tranquillity and her virtue.

Should I make her deſpicable, who appears amiable in my eyes? Should I reward her tenderneſs, by making her abhorred by her family, by rendering her children indifferent to her, and her huſband deteſtable? I believe that theſe reflections would have appeared to me in as ſtrong a light, if my ſex had not rendered

dered them excuſable in ſuch caſes; and I hope that I ſhould have had more ſenſe than to imagine vice the leſs vicious, becauſe it is the faſhion.

N. B. I am much pleaſed with the Turkiſh manners: a people, though ignorant, yet, in my judgment, extremely polite. A gallant convicted of having debauched a married woman, is regarded as a pernicious being, and held in the ſame abhorrence as a proſtitute with us. He is certain of never making his fortune, and they would deem it ſcandalous to confer any conſiderable employment on a man ſuſpected of having committed ſuch enormous injuſtice.

What would theſe moral people think of our anti-knights errant, who are ever in purſuit of adventures to reduce innocent virgins to diſtreſs, and to rob virtuous women of their honour; who regard

gard beauty, youth, rank, nay virtue itſelf as ſo many incentives, which inflame their deſires, and render their efforts more eager; and who, priding themſelves in the glory of appearing expert ſeducers, forget that with all their endeavours, they can only acquire the ſecond rank in that noble order, the Devil having long ſince been in poſſeſſion of the firſt.

Our barbarous manners are ſo well calculated for the eſtabliſhment of vice and wretchedneſs, which are ever inſeparable, that it requires a degree of underſtanding and ſenſibility infinitely above the common, to reliſh the felicity of a marriage ſuch as I have deſcribed. Nature is ſo weak, and ſo prone to change, that it is difficult to maintain the beſt grounded conſtancy, in the midſt of thoſe diſſipations, which our ridiculous cuſtoms have rendered unavoidable,

It muſt pain an amorous huſband to ſee his wife take all the faſhionable liberties; it ſeems harſh not to allow them, and to be conformable he is reduced to the neceſſity of letting every one take them that will, to hear her impart the charms of her underſtanding to all the world, to ſee her diſplay her boſom at noon-day, to behold her bedeck herſelf for the ball, and for the play, and attract a thouſand and a thouſand adorers, and liſten to the inſipid flattery of a thouſand and a thouſand coxcombs. Is it poſſible to preſerve an eſteem for ſuch a creature, or at leaſt muſt not her value be greatly diminiſhed by ſuch a commerce?

I muſt ſtill reſort to the maxims of the Eaſt, where the moſt beautiful women are content to confine the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them; and they are too ſincere not

to confeſs, that they think themſelves capable of exciting deſires.

I recollect a converſation that I had with a lady of great quality at Conſtantinople, (the moſt amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and with whom I afterwards contracted the cloſeſt friendſhip.) She frankly acknowledged that ſhe was ſatisfied with her huſband. What libertines, ſaid ſhe, you Chriſtian ladies are! You are permitted to receive viſits from as many men as you think proper, and your laws allow you the unlimited uſe of love and wine. I aſſured her that ſhe was wrong informed, and that it was criminal to liſten to, or to love, any other than our huſbands. "Your huſ-
"bands are great fools, ſhe replied ſmil-
"ing, to be content with ſo precarious
"a fidelity. Your necks, your eyes,
"your hands, your converſation are all
"for the publick, and what do you
"pretend to reſerve for them? Pardon
"me,

" me, my pretty Sultana, ſhe added,
" embracing me, I have a ſtrong incli-
" nation to believe all that you tell me,
" but you would impoſe impoſſibilities
" upon me. I know the filthineſs of the
" infidels; I perceive that you are
" aſhamed, and I will ſay no more."

I found ſo much good ſenſe and propriety in what ſhe ſaid, that I knew not how to contradict her, and at length I acknowledged that ſhe had reaſon to prefer the Mahometan manners to our ridiculous cuſtoms, which form a confuſed medley of the rigid maxims of Chriſtianity, with all the libertiniſm of the Spartans: And notwithſtanding our abſurd manners, I am perſuaded that a woman who is determined to place her happineſs in her huſband's affections, ſhould abandon the extravagant deſire of engaging public adoration; and that a huſband who tenderly loves his wife, ſhould, in his turn, give up the reputa-

tion of being a gallant. You find that I am ſuppoſing a very extraordinary pair; it is not very ſurpriſing therefore, that ſuch an union ſhould be uncommon in thoſe countries, where it is requiſite to conform to eſtabliſhed cuſtoms in order to be happy.

VERSES

VERSES

Written in the Chiaſk at Pera, overlooking Conſtantinople, December 26, 1718.

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

GIVE me, great God! ſaid I, a little farm,
In Summer ſhady, and in Winter warm;
Where a clear ſpring gives birth to murm'ring brooks
By nature gliding down the moſſy rocks.
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,
Or greatly falling in a forc'd *caſcade*,
Pure and unſully'd winding thro' the ſhade.
All-bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer,
A ſofter climate, and a purer air.

Our frozen ISLE now chilling Winter binds,
Deform'd by rains, and rough with blaſting winds;

The wither'd woods grow white with hoary froſt,
By driving ſtorms their verdant beauty loſt;
The trembling birds their leafleſs covert ſhun,
And ſeek in diſtant climes a warmer ſun:
The water nymphs their ſilent urns deplore,
Ev'n *Thames* benumb'd 's a river now no more:
The barren meads no longer yield delight,
By gliſtering ſnows made painful to the ſight.

Here Summer reigns with one eternal ſmile,
Succeeding harveſts bleſs the happy ſoil.
Fair fertile fields to whom indulgent Heaven
Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry ſeaſon given,
No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
The ſpringing flowers no coming Winter fear.
But as the parent *Roſe* decays and dies,
The infant-buds with brighter colour riſe,
And with freſh ſweets the mother's ſcent ſupplies.
Near them the *Violet* grows with odours bleſt,
And blooms in more than Tyrian purple dreſt;
The rich *Jonquils* their golden beams diſplay,
And ſhine in glories emulating day;
The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
The ſtreams ſtill murmur, undefil'd with rain,
And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.
The warbling-kind uninterrupted ſing,
Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual Spring.

Here at my window I at once ſurvey
The crowded city and reſounding ſea;
In diſtant views the *Aſian* mountains riſe,
And loſe their ſnowy ſummits in the ſkies:
Above thoſe mountains proud *Olympus* towers,
The parliamental ſeat of heavenly powers.
New to the ſight, my raviſh'd eyes admire
Each gilded creſcent and each antique ſpire,
The marble moſques, beneath whoſe ample domes
Fierce warlike *Sultans* ſleep in peaceful tombs;
Thoſe lofty ſtructures once the Chriſtian's boaſt,
Their names, their beauty, and their honours loſt;
Thoſe altars bright with gold and ſculpture grac'd,
By barb'rous zeal of ſavage foes defac'd;
Sophia alone her ancient name retains,
Tho' unbelieving vows her ſhrine profanes;
Where holy ſaints have dy'd in ſacred cells,
Where monarchs pray'd, the frantick *Derviſe* dwells.
How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low!
Where are thy hopes of *Roman* glory now?
Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd,
Where *Grecian* artiſts all their ſkill diſplay'd
Before the happy ſciences decay'd;
So vaſt, that youthful kings might here reſide,
So ſplendid, to content a patriarch's pride;
Convents where emperors profeſs'd of old,
Their labour'd pillars that their triumphs told;

Vain monuments of them that once were great,
Sunk undiſtinguiſh'd by one common fate;
One little ſpot, the tenure ſmall contains
Of *Greek* nobility, the poor remains.
Where other *Helens* with like powerful charms,
Has once engag'd the warring world in arms;
Thoſe names which royal anceſtors can boaſt,
In mean mechanick arts obſcurely loſt;
Thoſe eyes a ſecond *Homer* might inſpire,
Fix'd at the loom deſtroy their uſeleſs fire;
Griev'd at a view which ſtruck upon my mind
The ſhort-liv'd vanity of human kind.

In gaudy objects I indulge my ſight,
And turn where *Eaſtern pomp* gives gay delight;
See the vaſt train in various habits dreſt,
By the bright ſcymitar and ſable veſt,
The proud *Vizier* diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt;
Six ſlaves in gay attire his bridle hold,
His bridle rich with gems, and ſtirrups gold;
His ſnowy ſteed adorn'd with coſtly pride,
Whole troops of ſoldiers mounted by his ſide,
Theſe top the plumy creſt *Arabian* courtiers guide.
With artful duty all decline their eyes,
No bellowing ſhouts of noiſy crouds ariſe;
Silence in ſolemn ſtate the march attends,
Till at the dread *Divan* the ſlow proceſſion ends.

Yet not theſe proſpects all profuſely gay,
The gilded navy that adorns the ſea,
The riſing city in confuſion fair,
Magnificently form'd irregular;
Where woods and palaces at once ſurprize,
Gardens on gardens, domes on domes ariſe,
And endleſs beauties tire the wand'ring eyes;
So ſooth my wiſhes, or ſo charm my mind,
As this *retreat* ſecure from human-kind.
No knave's ſucceſsful craft does ſpleen excite,
No coxcomb's taudry ſplendour ſhocks my ſight;
No mob alarm awakes my female fear,
No praiſe my mind nor envy hurts my ear,
Ev'n fame itſelf can hardly reach me here:
Impertinence with all her tattling train,
Fair-ſounding flattery's delicious bane;
Cenſorious folly, noiſy party-rage
The thouſand tongues with which ſhe muſt engage,
Who dares have *virtue* in a *vicious age*.

VERSES

TO THE

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

By Mr. POPE.

I.

IN beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To queſtion your empire has dar'd:
But men of diſcerning,
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II. Impertinent

II.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules
Have reading to females deny'd;
So *Papiſts* refuſe
The BIBLE to uſe,
Leſt flocks ſhould be wiſe as their guide.

III.

'Twas a WOMAN at firſt
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In *knowledge* that taſted *delight*;
And ſages agree,
The laws ſhould decree
To the firſt poſſeſſor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim,
Which to your whole ſex does belong,
And let men receive,
From a ſecond bright *Eve*,
The knowledge of *right* and of *wrong*.

V.

But if the firſt *Eve*
Hard doom did receive,
When only *one apple* had ſhe,
What a puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who taſting, have robb'd the *whole tree.*

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A

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Let. 30. Adrianople. Manner in which the Turks paſs their time — the preſent paſtoral manners of the Eaſterns, a confirmation of the deſcriptions in the Grecian poets — give great light into many ſcripture paſſages — ſpecimen of Turkiſh poetry —— a verſion given by lady M. in the Engliſh ſtile.

Let. 31. Adrianople. The plague not ſo terrible as repreſented — account of

of the Turkiſh method of inoculating the ſmall pox.

LET. 32. Adrianople. Deſcription of the camel — their uſe, and method of managing them — the buffalo —— the Turkiſh horſes —— their veneration for ſtorks —— the Turkiſh houſes — why Europeans ſo ignorant of the inſides of the Turkiſh houſes — their gardens — their moſques and hauns.

LET. 33. Adrianople. Lady M.'s viſit to the grand viſier's lady — her perſon deſcribed, and manner of entertaining her gueſt — the victuals, &c. — viſit to the Kahya's lady, the fair Fatima — her perſon, dreſs and engaging behaviour — her waiting women — the Turkiſh muſic.

LET. 34. Adrianople. Deſcription of Adrianople — the exchange — the principal traders Jews — the Turkiſh camp — proceſſion of the Grand Signior going to command his troops in perſon — the manner by which Turkiſh lovers ſhew their affection for their miſtreſſes — deſcription of ſultan Selim's moſque — the ſeraglio — the young princes.

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LET. 35. From Conſtantinople. Journey from Adrianople — the little ſeraglio — the Greek church at Selivrea — ſingular lodging of a hogia or ſchool-maſter — general view of Pera — Conſtantinople — their burial places and tombs — manner of renewing a marriage after a divorce — unmarried women, why ſuppoſed in Turkey to die in a ſtate of reprobation — this notion compared with the Catholic veneration for celibacy — the Eaſtern taſte for antiquities.

LET. 36. From Belgrade village. Lady M.'s agreeable ſituation there — diary of her way of ſpending the week — compared with the modiſh way of ſpending time.

LET. 37. Belgrade village. Turkiſh female ſlaves deſcribed — voyages to the Levant filled with untruths — Balm of Mecca, its extraordinary effects on the ladies faces —— Turkiſh ladies great dealers in magic charms to command love.

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LET. 38. From Pera of Conſtantinople. Barrenneſs diſgraceful among the Turkiſh ladies —— often deſtroy themſelves by quackery on this account — naturally prolific — the Turkiſh houſes why liable to fire — mildneſs of the winter at Conſtantinople —— Turkiſh puniſhment for convicted liars.

LET. 39. Pera of Conſtantinople. Lady M. brought to bed — viſits the ſultana Hafiten —— anecdotes of that lady — her dreſs — entertainment — ſtory of the ſultan's throwing a handkerchief contradicted — amuſements of the ſeraglio — the ſultan Hafiten's gardens, bedchamber and ſlaves — the Arabian tales, a true repreſentation of Eaſtern manners —— magnificence of the Turkiſh harams — viſit to the fair Fatima — the characters of the ſultana Hafiten and Fatima compared — ſtory of Fatima — magnificence of her habitation.

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LET. 41. Suburbs of Conſtantinople. Turkiſh watermen —— Conſtantinople, why not eaſy to be ſeen by Europeans — pleaſure of rowing down the Boſphorus — view of Conſtantinople from the water — the ſeraglio — Sancta Sophia —— —— the moſque of ſultan Solyman — of ſultana Valida —— the Atlerdan — the brazen ſerpentine column —— the exchanges — the biſiſten —— humanity of the Turks towards their ſlaves — the hiſtorical pillar fallen down — the Derviſes —— their devotion and dancing.

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their ſtrict obſervance of faſts — ſummary view of their religion —— ceremonies at an Armenian marriage.

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LETTER 53.

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Inquiry into the truth of Monſieur Rochefoucault's maxim, 'That marriage is ſometimes convenient, but never delightful.'

Verſes written in the Chiaſk at Pera overlooking Conſtantinople, December 26,

26, 1718. By lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Verſes to the lady Mary Wortley Montague. By Mr. Pope.

FINIS.